

The Tragedy of Hamlet

But to my minde, though I am native here
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honour'd in the breach than the observance:
This heaue-headed reuell East and West
Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other Nations;
They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soile our addition: and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute:
So oft it chanceth in particuliar men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-growth of some complexion,
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit that too much ore-leaues
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stampe of one defect,
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues else be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heauen, or blasts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, royall *Dane*: O answere me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Have burst their cerements: why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op't his ponderous and marble jawes,

To

Prince of Denmarke.

To cast thee up againe: what may this meane
That thou dead coarſe againe in complete Steele
Reviſites thus the glimpses of the moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules?
Say why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we doe? *Beckens.*

Hora. It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what ſhould be the feare?

I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee:
And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that,
Being a thing immortall like it ſelfe?
It waves me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe,
That bettels ore his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your ſoveraignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe? thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motive, into every braine,
That looks ſo many fadomes to the ſea,
And heares it roare beneath.

Ham. It waves me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body

C 3

As